

THE
PRAISES
OF
POETRY.
A POEM.

THE
P. A. L. S.
OF
F. O. E. T. R. Y.
A. T. O. R. M.

384
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THE
P R A I S E S
O F
P O E T R Y.
A P O E M.

By CAPEL LOFFT.

POETRY IF APPLIED TO ITS TRUE ENDS, ADDS A
THOUSAND CHARMS TO THOSE SENTIMENTS
OF RELIGION, VIRTUE, GENEROSITY, AND DE-
LICATE TENDERNESS, BY WHICH THE HUMAN
SOUL IS EXALTED AND REFINED.

Mrs. Chapone's Letters.

L O N D O N,
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E R R A T A.

- P. 4. St. 3. ver. 5. *for fire read fire*
13. Line 1, *after victory read could*
30. St. 43. ver. 1. *for hands read bards*
22. 31. 5. *for serene read severe*
25. 36. 9. *for raise read rise*
29. 42. 8. *for raise read rain*
15. Line 7. *for strings read streams*
26. St. 37. ver. 6. *after honoured read is*

T H E

P R A I S E S of P O E T R Y.

WHAT sudden glory to my sight?—
Whence are ye, magic forms around me spread?
Listen, my soul, and catch the sound,
“Above, beneath, and all around;”
Now deeply strong, now airy light:—
Hark, how it dies! blest visions, ye are fled,

2.

But tis not so—dream I, or hear
Celestial voices? lo again appear
Those beams of splendor! the full flood of day!
He comes, he comes!
I know his looks divine, I know his gait:
The fair, the awful train who on his footsteps wait;—
O spare my fainting eye, spare my astonish'd thought;—

v. 4. Milton.

B

'Twas

3.

"Twas thou, Poetic Spirit! Thou, serene,
 In milder looks, more amiable art seen:
 Nor scorn'st some distant ray to lend;
 Some soothing harmony impart;
 To calm an anxious heart;
 Or pensive contemplation to befriend.

4.

Thee sometimes, o'er the dewy plains I view,
 Borne by the Zephyrs through the enliven'd sky;
 The songsters of the wood renew,
 At thy approach, their blythe, free melody:
 And while I teach my simple reed,
 Notes not my own succeed;
 And while I list'ning gaze,
 On the soft murmuring stream the golden sun
 Brighter is seen to play;
 Earths verdant vesture smiles more gay;
 Lighter o'er the azure heaven
 The silver-skirted clouds are driven:
 The flocks more gladly graze;
 The frolic kids with lighter boundings run:
 All nature owns thy pow'r and yields to harmony.

II.

1.

'Twas Harmony, 'twas Harmony alone
 Dwelt by th' almighty Father's throne
 Ere yet creation was, or worlds were made to rise,
 When all was chaos, rude, and dark,
 And the young seeds of future being hid
 In the vast jarring mass of senseless matter lay,
 —Of matter, which the Word had caus'd to be—
 He spake; and harmony went forth:
 The quickening influence came;
 Inspir'd with a new soul the sluggish frame;
 And bade Confusion cease:
 Confusion heard, and fled; and all was holy peace,

2.

Thence tun'd the new-born stars their matin song;
 Thence the swift planets wheel their measur'd course,
 And one harmonious force
 Rolls their consenting orbs along:
 Bids comets know their bounds; governs their fierce
 career.
 Then man, erect of soul, untouch'd of sin,
 Beheld, admir'd, felt harmony within;

And though he slumber in the dust of earth,
Her voice can give the dust an ear,
Sent by his Lord once more to call him forth.

3.

Thou, Sacred Spirit of poetic fire,
Wast present with him : Thou, when evil rang'd
O'er the polluted world by man's offence,
And beauteous order nigh to ruin chang'd—
'Twas thine to interpose. Th' eternal fire
Gave thee in charge not wholly to retire ;
But dart thro' error's mists, and teach his Providence.
Cities arose ; society began :
Nor man, himself a foe to man,
Roam'd among savage beasts more wild and brute than
they :
Nor Superstition, child of Ignorance,
O'er trembling mortals frown'd with horrid glance,
Freezing their hearts with death and death's dismay.

4.

But Laws were modell'd, to create
The music of a well united state,
Where freedom and obedience meet,
Mild temper'd rule, subordination sweet ;
And Justice reigns, of virtues queen,
With awful brow and never alter'd mien ;

And

And Poetry to heaven bears
 Her tribute of heav'n-worthy airs,
 And smooths unconquer'd breasts, and bends
 To best and wisest ends
 Unthinking crowds ; guides, governs, and defends.

III.

I.

I see thy sons !—a pure majestic band !
 Lo ! Orpheus waves his wonder-working hand,
 And strikes the living lyre.
 Amphion ! founder of the Theban state—
 Behold ! what list'ning throngs attentive wait,
 And form their stubborn will to their divine commands,
 And now celestial chaplets grow
 Unfading fragrance, round their brow :
 And now enraptur'd they behold
 Wherever laws divine, and spirits nobly bold,
 Reflect the image of their bliss below.
 Such was the path which Numa's wisdom knew ;
 Such, with the Muses' influence, Solon drew,
 To civil order the rough hearts of those
 Whence Athens to her height of glory rose.
 With such our Alfred, more divinely great,

Laid, with a master hand,
The base on which for ages fixt shall stand
Britannia's freedom, and unrivall'd laws—

3.

O Corfica!—and must—I mourn thy cause!—
Thou hadst thy Alfred—Clio taught
His acts, his image, to her Boswel's thought—
The virtuous, the high breathing page,
With Roman eloquence and spirit fraught,
Gave to our eyes, the hero, friend, and sage,
Paoli—This was He
Who first the learned sisters grace obtain'd,
To cultivate the worth of a rough gen'rous age;
And fix'd their seat beneath thy hardy skies,
School of all patriot arts, and virtuous enterprize,

4.

And O! what glory of poetic praise
Delay'd by fate, but sure not quite deny'd,—
Remain'd to be supply'd!
When the same spirit which the battle led,
And in fair Freedom's cause most nobly burn'd,
Should teach Bellona's dreaded port to tread
The stage, and from their holy peace inurn'd
Victims of liberty and bravest zeal—

Call

Call forth thy god-like sons; bid the soul glow
 With virtues hopes sublime and majesty of woe;
 And to their highest raise heroic strains
 For him, who civiliz'd, conducted, sav'd,
 And built, midst storms, a free, an envy'd state,
 Rising through peaceful years, by toil procur'd,
 And difficulty, and perils infinite,
 Nigh to the summit of earth's happiness
 Perhaps shall yet restore—this well we know;
 All the fair principles of science sown,
 All that of life-assisting arts is shown,
 All done and suffer'd for man's good below,
 The power of verse will cherish as its own:
 Nor ought of noble, lovely, wise, and true
 From poetry may well be dis-allied;
 Nor ever long, I deem, a-part they grew,
 United best secure, and highest magnify'd.

No: nor in vain did Aikin's Muse,
 —In higher strains than wont Erinna use,
 When fortitude she sung,
 And Greece attentive hung,—
 Bear forth aloft from the dire wreck of fate
 The rich immortal trophy—no, great chief!

Thine and thy country's glory cannot fall ;
 Though, swoln with ten-fold numbers, the rude tide
 Of haughty Genoa and ambitious Gaul
 Prevail'd o'er thee unaided—ease thy grief,
 My anxious soul!--the sons of liberty,
 Thou know'st, her sister Muses most revere ;
 And whom the Muse hath favour'd cannot die.

6.

But whither roves my ravish'd fight?
 Who is that sage array'd in light?
 His visage like a god ; his eyes instinct with fire !
 Deep like the sea his numbers swell their tide :
 And now awhile subside :—
 And now they shake the soul, and level human pride,
 Asia beneath his feet is laid :
 And martial force redoubles at his aid ;
 And Fame awaits his voice, and echoes to his lyre !—
 'Tis Homer—by his side attend
 The wise Euripides his ear hath bent ;
 The Muse of Sophocles receives the strain,
 Nor dwells on the lov'd notes in vain :
 But gathers, like the happy bee,
 And blends the choicest sweets of poetry.

7. Thine,

7.

Thine, Homer, many a flower of richest palm
Transplanted to the happy grove
Of Academe, where truth and science calm
With Socrates were wont to move,
And the wrapt soul catch'd beams of things divine,
Till day itself should shine,
Beams hid from meaner eyes! —
The sculptor's hand by thee was taught:
Yet, O! too daring thought!
Of him who hop'd to give to senseless stone
A majesty, such as thy verse had shown,
Express the changeless, all-controlling nod,
At which the heavens tremble beneath their God.

8.

For not the Cretan Jove,
His birth and the wild legends of his love,
Contented thy rapacious mind:
Though these involv'd in allegoric veil
A deeper sense than meets the eye conceal:
Something far greater didst thou see;
Something beyond the deep obscurity.
Nor didst thou not behold
Some rays, and to the darken'd world unfold,
Some pure ideas, of a Deity.

9. The

The One, immortal, uncontrol'd, supreme,
 Who weighs the world and ev'ry mortal scheme
 In the just balance; at whose quick'ning eye
 All things revive; at his displeasure, die:
 Whom king's their universal Lord must own;
 They and their empires stand by him alone,
 Nor saw'st thou little of the golden chain,
 Let down from heav'n, all nature to sustain,
 Which none may draw aside;
 Kept in fix'd poise, unchangeable suspense,
 By the all-wise, all-mighty Providence.

Well might the age
 Revere, and love the venerable sage;
 And what unhospitable door
 Hail'd not the sweet instructor's wond'rous lore.

Thine, Homer, were the sounds
 Breathing firm concord and undaunted zeal
 To aid the public weal.
 And when the years, borne with incessant speed,
 All that of thee could yield to death had hid—
 Then, when indignant Athens caught the spear,
 Baff'd and overthrew the Persian war,

Trium-

Triumphant o'er the sea, and on the shore,
Wonder we, if those fav'rite sons of Fame
Rank'd with their deities his name,

" Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;"

And them and Spartas hardy worth inspir'd ;

" From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies
" came."

12.

And while their gen'rous virtue thus compos'd

All that their freedom and safe ease oppos'd,

True civil prudence and domestic good

Found they a nobler master to improve ;

Orteach, with sweeter strains, the mind to move,

With Temperance and Constancy for guide,

Far from the Syren's song ; dash Circe's cup aside :

Be wise as great, and regularly free !

These, Homer, were the gifts Greece ow'd to thee.

Wonder we, when proud rage and envious hate

Led Macedon to quell this falling state,

If still their eloquence surviv'd,

From Homer first deriv'd,

Blasted the tyrants' wreaths, and made him curse his fate.

13.

Still Athens for the queen of arts was known ;

Still Homer reigned superior and alone :

v. 4, and 6. Akenfide.

The

The conqueror of the world confess'd the bard
His master of the war—teacher of kings!

14.

O had he learnt, what none so nobly tell,
Not conquest merely but to govern well!
Learnt what the ills of a deserted land,
Its rulers absent, and its towns unmann'd;
What fears affrighten; what seditions burn;
What prodigies of various misery
Await the long deferr'd return.
Where chearful labour crown'd,
With plenteousness of fruits the smiling ground,
Famine and desolation glare;
Or luxury, a direr pest than these,
Invades the vacant government,
The subjects alienated loyalty;
Domestic discords, and adultery;
Private and public bonds afunder rent!

15.

He who had learnt, from that enchanting tongue;
What mischiefs from thy wrath, Achilles, sprung;
O had he learnt the fury to contain,
Nor late repented for his Clytus slain.
Yet still, when, master of the brutal heat,
He rose above his native temper great,

And

And all the pride of victory forego,
 To sooth the anguish of the captiv'd foe;
 With rev'rence guard the beauty he desir'd,
 Nor hear one dictate but what Truth inspir'd;
 And soften, with a brother's care,
 Thy anguish, O Darius, thy despair;
 Avenge thy death; honour thy obsequies;
 And hear thy end with weeping eyes,—
 Think we not then on Priam's wretchedness;
 The victor sorrowing his distress?
 Feel we not then those virtuous passions true,
 Which Nature planted, and her Homer drew!
 Then only his worse deeds his better life defam'd,
 When the king practis'd what the poet blam'd.
 When was his virtue to its summit wrought?
 'Twas when he practis'd what the poet taught.

16.

Ev'n in that worst that most disgraceful hour,
 When flaming Thebes felt his dire rage devour,
 What Persia would have spar'd;
 His fury pass'd the Theban eagle's nest,
 The soul of Homer pleaded in his breast:
 Nor miracles of art escap'd his hand,
 Infants' nor virgins' tears could stop the brand!
 Not shrines were spar'd—but Pindar was rever'd.

19. Thence

17.

Thence, haply, all the dangers of the night
 Sustain'd, and Victory check'd in her mid flight;
 When young, a king, a conqueror he bow'd,
 Out-spent with toil, beneath the sinking load
 Of a weak wayward poor old man:
 Behold what prodigies affection can,
 Regardless what his rash advice had cost,
 What hopes by his fond dotage cross'd,
 Perhaps his empire, life, and glory lost.
 To his youth's teacher he no aid denies,
 His friends, his longing army not rejoin'd;
 The son of lightning lagg'd with age behind,
 Dark, froze, tir'd, lost, alone, midst savage enemies,

18.

E'en such to Phœnix was Achilles shown,
 The master in his pupil found a son:
 O why so rash in any lower cause,
 Why such a life expose for vain applause;
 Be wisely daring, these are Homer's laws.

19.

Thence filial love to sooth a mother's years,
 O more than music to most savage ears!

How

How sweet to mine, witness thou honour'd shade
 Of a lov'd parent, number'd with the dead!
 Witness my heart, which since it learnt to beat,
 Has felt the mother, heaven vouchsafes it yet,
 Its every throbbing, every joy her own:
 My tongue's first sounds, by her instruction wrought,
 The sacred strings, lov'd poetry unseal'd,
 The page of fancy, and of truth reveal'd;
 And chief my youth, by her example taught—
 O might it daily guide my erring thought,
 Make me the friend of all, and teach the road]
 Even and safe, her steps have trod,
 For sure to be like her, nigh speaks all human good.

20.

O weak, weak wand'rings, whither would ye tend,
 The strength of Homer's wing should bear me now;
 Vain are my feeble flutt'rings all too low:
 And she who wont to raise
 My voice, O poetry! to sing thy praise,
 Here only for herself no aid will lend.

21.

Is this the chest, the wondrous chest, that kept
 Darins' spoils—he look'd and wept:
 See how it flames with massy gold;
 The gems!—they blaze too dazzling to behold;

The

The em'rald, ruby, and the diamond's ray,
 With victory illumin'd, how they play,
 And strike with unknown beams, and flash a double day;
 The flowers, the landscape and the gorgeous sun;
 The seas' waves ! vast and terrible they run !
 And see where the light-vested virgins fleet,
 To soft sounds in the shade, with twinkling feet;
 And now the battle is begun,
 Their shouts, their dying cries I hear, or seem to hear,
 And lo, the steady shield and furious spear;
 Steeds, men, and arms, confusion, death, and flight.

22.

The conquer'd thus their conqueror's trophies raise,
 And here behold, where sweetly plays
 A youth, on the bold harp, some song of deathless praise,
 The winds, the floods seem hush'd, and listening to his lays;
 He look'd and wonder'd, all await
 What treasures destin'd for a prize so great;
 What acts of empire shall this chest contain,
 What glories of his own immortal reign :
 Bring, bring, he cries, himself out-flew their haste,
 Homer alone shall here be plac'd :
 Too rich this casquet for a meaner store,
 But him to hold, the world is poor ;

Not

Not Alexander's breast itself can find
Room fit for all the stores of Homer's heav'n-taught
mind.

23.

Tidings of joy, great joy to thee, O king,
What, speak, what tidings canst thou bring;
Is Homer now alive again,
What worthy else of such a pompous strain.

24.

Nor ill he spoke, though at his feet
He saw contending nations meet;
And though philosophy adorn'd his board,
The wise rever'd, the multitude ador'd,
And kingdoms were as dust beneath his sword!
And empire's rose when he call'd forth their hour,
To raise an Homer far exceeds thy pow'r——
Thou know'st it, nor can all thy world supplies,
The loss compensate when an Homer dies.

25.

His mind explor'd, our universe around,
Nought like, or second human cou'd be found:
Nor knew he that, when all his pomp of fame,
Unless what lives allied to Homer's name

C

Should

Should sink forgotten, other climes
 Should boast to a new world, to latest times,
 A poet greater than his victories ;
 Where Avon's banks to matchless glory rise ;
 And tender pity patriot zeal,
 And pure high ardour of the public weal ;
 Waken'd by him, entrance the mind on high,
 To views beyond vulgar ambition's eye,
 Of universal good and liberty.
 Nor Meles, nor the Mincian stream,
 Ever inspir'd so sweet a dream ;
 Nor England, shall thy poet's praise
 Bow to the Grecian or the Roman bays,
 Nor to their sons divine thine own inferior deem.

26.

Milder than the breath of May,
 Sweeter than Philomela's song,
 What music steals my soul away ?
 What odours float those flow'ry banks along ?
 All is transport, all inspires
 Pleasing hopes and fond desires !---
 Scenes of delight, at once ye turn,—
 Let me languish ; let me mourn !
 O'er all my frame
 Darts a subtle wasting flame :

Quick

Quick beats my flutt'ring heart;
 My tongue its use foregoes:
 And while I gaze, my sight
 Grows giddy, and forsakes me quite:
 " My deaf ears ring; cold, pale, I stand."
 A sudden trembling through me flies,
 And ev'ry sense within me dies.

27.

Peace, soft Æolian lyre!—
 See there, where myrtles intertwine
 With roses and the clust'ring vine.
 Wherefore lavish youth in vain,
 In idle woes unheeded pain?
 The kinder gods that season lent
 For frolic, ease, and merriment.
 Am I old? and what care I?
 Time and envy I defy.
 What has Anacreon to do,
 Age and wrinkled cares, with you?
 Whether my head be bald or no,
 Or grey, or black hairs, on it grow,
 This know I not, nor care to know:
 This I know; the less the date
 Left my days by will of fate,

v. 5. Philips.

C 2

Rather

Rather to use the flying hour
While mirth and glee are in my pow'r.

28.

Heard I not the Cean strain?
It seizes on my ear again,
Dispelling light and airy glee,
And idle quirks, and jollity.
Soon its solemn touch is try'd :
Chang'd my notes, and check'd my pride !
Lo grave sadness deeply musing,
Thoughts of far other birth infusing !
Even and slow her pace : her words sink deep.

29.

She shows me now the hourly-changing mind
Of weak and wretched man; whom hope allures,
Fool of his own conceit,
Thro' ever-varying life ; while some await
To-morrow's dawn to close their utmost wish ;
To-morrow and to-morrow flies the same :
New wishes start, new longings rise ; refus'd,
What but distraction ? granted, what but toys ?
Well if not worse : yet years and years in thought
We grasp, neglect the present. Death mean-while,
And numberless diseases hover round,

And

And the gay scene is vanish'd; or by stealth
 Sickens and fades before us.—This is life
 The rest who shall recount?
 Shipwreck, the crush of war; the howling wild
 Of want and desolation; the dire waste
 Of pestilence: and proud oppression's haunts;
 And yet more cruel still, friendship's disguise
 Put on for private ends; next thrown aside;
 Friends mock'd, betray'd, and ruin'd.—This is life!—
 Were not that Heaven hath mix'd the bitter draught
 With some kind drops of sweetness, and the balm
 Of pleasing expectation; if the soul
 Stretch'd not her prospect to some great hereafter,
 Too great to lose, too terrible to risque,
 Endless, unchangeable, who would drag on
 The heavy, the unprofitable yoke!—

30.

Yes, let us not repine—
 Are not the sacred seeds of poetry
 Sown in the mind, in pity of our state,
 By the all-bounteous Mercy? these not least
 Solace the dreary wilds of misery;
 And clear the face of nature: bloom, fair peace,
 And joy; and nourish our faint, sinking strength,
 With rich, immortal, never-cloying fruits.

C 3

31. What

31.

What from the low, the earth-devoted crew,
 From folly and from self-condemning shame,
 To objects of a nobler, purer hue
 Shall elevate our true ambitious aim ?
 Philosophy unbends her brow serene,
 If temper'd with the Muse's aid ;
 From Heav'n brought down to this our darkling sphere :
 As when to the sweet sounds the shepherd play'd,
 The queen of night approach'd her silver car ;
 And left her orb, and the blest fields of air,
 As mystic fables not unwisely tell.
 Th' unbounded universe of life and light,
 Where order, wisdom, truth, and beauty dwell,
 Shines forth divine, if the Muse guide our fight.
 She thro' the deep unfathom'd dares to go ;
 And from the world's above, glance swift thro' world's
 below.

32.

Look thither, where the sky,
 Midst clouds and darkness ocean's forth, all flame !
 There eagle-ey'd sublimity
 Dictates to Æschylus the daring verse.
 Father of tragic pomp ! on thee attend

The
 1 112

The awful forms of kings and heroes old !
 Thine the dark gates of terror to unfold :
 Amazement, frantic horror, thine to send ;
 Nor less resistless burst upon the heart,
 Than where thy light'ning arm, compell'd to yield ;
 The giant hosts of pride ; crush'd the gay helm and
 shield ;

And won the deathless palms of every noblest field,
 For myriads routed, death for freedom brav'd,
 And Greece from the all-whelming deluge sav'd.
 Such energy of verse above all art
 Melpomene, I ween, herself deny'd
 To all her future sons ; save one alone,
 Her darling, and her highest pride,
 When her full state in Shakespeare should be shown.

33.

And thou, divine Tyrtæus ! witness thou !
 Witness—O glorious potency of song !—
 Raise, Lacedæmon, thy tir'd drooping brow.—
 What man so base, what slav'ry so tame,
 What selfish fears so forcible to bind ;
 What wretch so dead to glory and to shame ;
 Cold to his country, to all duty blind,
 But arm'd, fought, conquer'd ; or with honour dy'd ?
 More than ten thousand shields one poet's voice supplied.

A vigour not Demosthenes might give
 To his own hard-assail'd and sovereign land
 Thou from Tyrtæus didst receive ;
 Sent, though he were in scorn of thy demand ;
 For never did thy rival Athens fear,
 A bard unschool'd in battles dreadful care,
 And of unequal gait and stature mean,
 Thy guiding genius should be seen :
 Fire thy dull'd bands, and breathe the soul of war,

34.

- ' Let me not praise
- ' The wrestler's strength, nor vigour in the race ;
- ' Not though the force of Diomede
- ' His giant size, and mighty nerves exceed ;
- ' Not though his feet the winds outfly.
- ' Not if his beauty might with Nireus vie ;
- ' Not though his wealth and power, should claim
- ' Cræsus, the palm from thee, and Pelops, mighty name,
- ' First founder of Greek policy.
- ' He only, who the rage of fight
- ' Views with a steady and untroubled fight,
- ' And hand to hand longs instant to engage
- ' The subtle storm, and stem its utmost rage,
- ' Him only I a warrior call.

Stand

‘ Stand to your ranks, brave Spartans : stand, and dare,
‘ In firm close wedg’d array, the fury of the war.

35.

‘ Sees not high Jove with equal eyes ?—
‘ Unconquer’d race of Hercules ! arise :
‘ And know yourselves, and know your enemies.
‘ And while the coward trembling stands,
‘ With chattering teeth, feet tott’ring, nerveless hands,
‘ Half dead already, ere the shock begin—
‘ Think on the glory ye are now to win ;
‘ Strain high your nerves ; press in your breath :
‘ Leave those to die with shame, who fly from death.

36.

‘ Who conquers in the glorious field
‘ Scarce can his bliss to the immortals yield.
‘ His parents honour’d ; his possessions sure
‘ In peace and gay tranquillity endure :
‘ His country sav’d ; his children free
‘ His wife from violence and infamy.
‘ A present deity he seems,
‘ To the free happy land his toil redeems.
‘ To him with reverence raise the old ;
‘ His deeds in songs of joy the young unfold :
‘ Blest by all hearts, by ev’ry tongue ;
‘ In all the pride of deathless rapture sung.

And

- ‘ And if he die,
- ‘ Yet not unwept, neglected, shall he lie.
For Him shall ev’ry eye lament,
- ‘ Who nobly gave the life which nature lent.

37.

- ‘ Not with disgrace
- ‘ He marks indelibly his future race ;
- ‘ Nor leaves to want and misery,
- ‘ Curst by his crime, an outcast progeny,
- ‘ Heritors of their father’s shame :
- ‘ But ever blest his house, and honoured his name
- ‘ Dear to the state, sons of the public care,
- ‘ For her to cherish and revere.
- ‘ Not driven from his city, forc’d to tread
- ‘ Strange weary steps, and crouching beg for bread ;
- ‘ Comely he lies, and beautiful in death,
- ‘ Who for his native land resigns his breath :
- ‘ With noble wounds all honest, all before.

38.

- ‘ Thus for a youth to die,
- ‘ Is the next happiness to victory.
- ‘ But when the hoary head,
- ‘ While younger strength dishonourably fled,
- ‘ Lies in the dust defil’d,
- ‘ And the weak limbs of life’s small remnant spoil’d,

‘ This,

' This, this, is shame—O never let them tell
' The sons fled basely, while the fathers fell.'

39.

The Muse, the Muse,
The track of victory pursues :
She leads ; she sees ; she triumphs in the fight.
Hers be the honours of the fight ;
Hers : and let gratitude allow
No common wreath Tyrtæus for thy brow.

40.

But hark ! the master of the golden chords !
Hark where Alcæus 'gainst proud tyranny—
Wakes all the vengeance of stern virtue's power ;
New points the stings of guilt and infamy,
Calls all their horrors round at pleasure's secret hour.—
Shaker of guilty thrones !
He ceases—I must hear no more.—
How the winds whistle ! the vast waters roar !
From the ridge horrible and steep,
Down we are hurried to the lowest deep,
The loosen'd cables creak !—
The shatter'd masts, hark how they break !
Horror and ruin upon ev'ry wave.

Some

Some furiously tost on the coast ;
 Thousands in the dark gulf are lost.
 Musæus !—Linus—O !—has ought been spar'd !
 O ! where shall ye be heard ?—
 Happy who saves
 Some precious reliques from the greedy waves,
 From the wild wreck of time.

41.

Not for the heroes only of thy train,
 Severer poetry, we thus complain :
 Menander, he who drew,
 Manners and men, such as learn'd Athens knew,
 In all her elegance of wit,
 And saw her dwell with joy on all he writ—
 The same remorseless ocean to our eyes
 Him too denies ;
 Save some few dear remains : and save that bright,
 Still glowing with the borrow'd light,
 Deck'd in the Roman garb his image lives,
 And thee, Philemon, of no lower name
 For chastest comedy's unblemish'd fame,
 Thee too—O vainly fought !—
 Th' immense destruction cruelly o'erflows :
 Some it devours ; some torn and mangl'd throws,
 Objects of pity and regret !

And

And still it yawns for more; still hourly fiercer grows:
 Wears by degrees, and strives to bring to nought,
 The venerable pile our Chaucer wrought,
 Pride of our ancient fires.
 Yet never deem its rage shall dare,
 Wash'd with the general tide, to bear
 A Homer's works, a Shakespeare's to decay,
 Till the earth sinks in flames, and Heav'n shall melt
 away.

42.

High towering in strong wing,
 Far from the storm, and far above the clouds,
 Some have escap'd triumphant; and look down
 Safe on the wreck of ages: let me gaze;
 Yes: let me stretch again my eager fight—
 And haply not unaided: some pure ray
 May clear my mortal dimness. There! behold!—
 Behold, where Pindar bids honour raise
 On god-like men,
 Patrons of arts, and friends of human race—
 And graves their virtues with immortal hand:
 For not in marble, nor in brass;
 Nor in one spot, nor on one base to stand,
 He gives, for a few years, the living face;
 But writes among the stars, and speaks from land to land.

‘ Far

" Far off be all, whoever hope to shun
 " The eye of God—
 " And rather steal some moment's guilty breath;
 " Than give to virtues toil,
 " And purchase honourable death."

43.

Such were your strains, high British bands of yore;
 In Mona's Groves, or Snowdon's summit froze;
 I feel the soul's imperishable state,
 Fearless of death in battles stern debate:
 The sacred trumpet echoes to my ear;
 As when astonish'd fell the Roman spear,
 And ev'ry strain was death, and horror, and despair!

IV.

I.

The din of war hath ceas'd to roar:
 Calm the air; serene the deep:
 O'er the brown wood soft-footed shadows creep;
 And silence undisturb'd possesses all.
 Bear me, O bear me, gentle maid,
 Sweet pensive Melancholy!
 To some lov'd grotto of the inmost shade,
 By nature made;

Where

Where e'en no babbling stream may play,
 Impertinently gay,
 But some few crystal drops, in solemn fall,
 Catch here and there the moon's mild beam;
 And scarce perceiv'd by the faint, silv'ry gleam,
 Pace down the mossy, spar-incrusted walk
 There haply shall mine eye,
 Seal'd in some short slumber lie;
 Not idle, nor without the Muse,
 Whose care indulgent shall infuse
 Dreams, not of statesmen nor of kings:
 What if she bring the shade of Gray;
 And with him me convey,
 —After sweet glance on Eton's Muse-lov'd dale—
 To view the village tombs:
 Nor scorn the turf; nor envy majesty
 The pomp of monumental pride,
 To mock the reliques of mortality:
 And though the rude unletter'd verse
 No triumphs, no heroic praise, rehearse,
 Yet shall it claim a tear;
 To modest truth most due,
 And useful industry.
 This was their harmless glory—though the seeds
 Of many arts and nobler virtues lay,
 Perhaps conceal'd, nor found the fav'ring ray

To

To ope their buds, and ripen into deeds,
 Wound not that turf, stranger, with careless feet ;
 Nor view with scorn yonder the uncouth rhyme :
 Perhaps some unknown Newton has that feat ;
 Some poet thou mayst scorn ; of thought sublime,
 And born the heights of sacred verse to climb,
 Had poverty not check'd his way,
 And fust'ring praise denied to bring him forth to day :

2.

If dark the sun, or vex'd with clouds the sky,
 Or in mists fullenly conceal'd,
 Say, then, whose eye
 Shall range creation's field ?
 Ceas'd from the wild luxuriant song,
 The warblers of the groves
 Forget their gaiety and loves ;
 And mute and drooping lie.
 Nor well on the lone, cold, neglected vale,
 Nor on the spray-beat cliff's untrodden height,
 Grow happy plants to charm the sight
 With elegance of hue,
 And of rich scent and kindly use.
 Without a tender hand to rear
 Why should their barren blossoms mock the air,
 Idly

Idly display'd ?
 Why unenjoy'd their fragrance fade ?
 Uncultivated why their virtues waste ?
 And poetry not solitary grows ;
 Nor narrow bounds its influence inclose :
 Nor trust the infant buds and treasur'd sweets
 Unprop'd, to winds ; to scorching heats
 Shelterless, and with none to aid.

3.

Yet not among the great and vain
 The modest plant will deign
 Gladly, to rise :
 Far best a chosen few,
 To learning and to virtue true,
 These best the first, the tender shoots support ;
 Not 'midst the clouds folly and envy raise ;
 Or near the sultry breath of lavish praise ;
 Or poverty's dread waste, or the gay court.
 Thought nursing solitude and rural ease,
 The temperate meal, the fresh unenvied breeze,
 The silent grot, the grove ;
 Hills, waterfalls, woods, sky, unbounded plains,
 Where liberty with nature reigns,
 These are the Muses' love.

D

4. To

4.

To these they lead their child,
 Nursling of fancy, blyth and wild:
 And when his soul quickens with unknown fire,
 And the high wond'rous scenes raise strong desire
 Of something bold, and beautiful and great,
 And his young bosom labours with the weight,
 Direct the rapture, elevate the voice,
 Then to the deep resounding heavenly strings
 Of highest deeds, immortal men, he sings,
 Soars to the blest abodes;
 And shares the counsels and the joy of Gods.

5.

Know ye not banks of Mincius, wist not ye
 How oft the Mantuan swan hath blest your stream;
 How oft with easy grace, calm majesty,
 The charming notes, the sweet poetic dream
 Play'd round your list'ning fedges?—Ye may boast,
 Exalted far above old Tyber's pride;
 His glory and the world's is lost—
 Rome, queen of nations—his bold waves are dried;
 But thou wast Virgil's—Hide me with your shade
 Ye woods where Virgil play'd—
 And his own gen'rous Vida sung,
 And wak'd the slumb'ring lyre so long unstrung—

And

And feast, my soul,
 With some of those fair images which stole
 On Virgil's raptur'd mind.
 And while at ease reclin'd,
 In the blest spot which echoed with his lays,
 I meditate with him on rural praise,
 And learn how best to rear the golden grain ;
 To lead the riv'let o'er the thirsty plain ;
 Behold the flocks on sunny pastures feed ;
 Admire the lordly bull and gen'rous steed ;
 Drink the rich fragrance of the flow'ry breeze ;
 Explore the matchless government of bees,
 Their strict obedience, industry, and wars ;
 Their common union, their appointed cares—
 Some to collect, some studiously refine,
 Some frame the cells with wise exact design ;
 Some guard the gates, and watch the changing day ;
 Assist the tir'd, drive the slow drones away ;
 " How can ambition my weak fancy cheat
 " With any thought so mean as to be great ?"
 What ill ungovern'd passions toss my breast,
 By envy harass'd, or base fears oppress'd ?
 These are for other haunts :
 For those who covet more than nature wants.
 Blest husbandmen, if their own bliss they knew !

l. 19, 20. from Cowley.

D 2

There

6.

There, in the sequester'd vale,
 Let me revolve the tearful tale ;
 Let the tender sorrows flow
 For the Thracian poet's woe.
 As Philomel mourns on the poplar spray,
 When the rude plough-man of her unfledg'd brood
 Has spoil'd her nest : she wastes the night away,
 And all around fills with her plaintive mood.

7.

To the gloomy shades he went ;
 And dar'd the unexplor'd descent :
 Inexorable Pluto's coasts,
 And deaf to human prayers the unembodied ghosts.

8.

Wak'd by his song they gather'd round,
 From the inmost gulf profound ;
 And countless throng'd, and wond'ring stood,
 Close by th' impassable, dread flood.
 Heroes and the virgin train,
 Matrons, and infants early snatch'd from pain ;
 All to the potent charm incline ;
 All feel the melody divine.

Darkness

Darkness and death astonish'd found
 The virtue of the sound :
 And furies staid the lifted scourge,
 Lull'd was the tossing of the fiery surge;
 E'en tortur'd ghosts forget to feel;
 Ixion rested on his wheel.
 Thus song unbar'd the adamant gate.
 And triumph'd over fate.

9.

Richer than Iris paints her wond'rous bow,
 Unnumber'd loveliest colours play
 On poetry's light wings : the pride of day
 Yields to their brighter glow.
 For where has real nature spread,
 On loveliest skies, or the earth's gayest bed,
 Such lustre, such variety !

10.

Of Poetry herself to speak
 All words are faint, all colours are too weak.
 Shall not her sweet attendant Fancy tell,
 Daughter of gaiety and truth,
 The mighty power, the secret spell,
 That charms our age, instructs our youth ?

Shall she not bring to view,
Her pencil dipping in ambrosial dew;
A thousand airy shapes of wond'rous kind?
Shall she not heighten ev'ry grace combin'd;
To show the heav'nly witchery,
Of all subduing Poetry?

11.

Where are the Muses' steps confin'd to tread?
Say, ye who can, the limits of her course;
Who shall restrain her force;
Whether she choose persuasive to control,
Or vehement to strike, shake, and o'er-whelm the soul?

12.

Does she not soften savage beasts?
Hear not the rocks and follow her behests?
Does she not calm the seas and animate the dead?
She tempers to a milder frame
Men harder than the beasts to tame;
She, amiable constrainer, easily
Yoaks passions rougher than the winds and sea;
She from the grave can raise,
Of him whom she approves,
Of him whom she and virtue loves
The form, acts, manners, and forgotten praise.

13. She

13.

She rais'd Æneas from the gloom
Of ages; from the long-forgotten tomb.
Then Rome astonish'd saw her fire reviv'd,
From whose religious care and prudent hand
Th' uprooted stock of Troy new strength deriv'd,
Transplanted to a happier land,
To rear again its dust-dishonour'd head
To heav'n; o'er earth its mighty arms to spread,
The shelter, or the terror of mankind. —

14.

Could what remains of gratitude
The last great loss of Britain cease to feel;
And could oblivion's darksome veil intrude
The memory of him to steal,
Whom heaven no longer deigns to lend
Of ev'ry virtuous art the friend,
The envious mists shou'd rise in vain:
The Muse should pierce the cloud, and bid him live again.

15.

Whom dignity of rank could never draw
To triumph with an empty pomp of pride;
Whose steady soul bow'd not to Folly's law,
Nor the false glare of idol greatness ey'd

D 4

With

With servile adoration, mean desire
 Of rather seeming, than of being great.
 Whose zeal not kindled at ambition's fire,
 Constant and pure, not born of factious hate,
 Stood firmly heav'n's and nature's laws to guard;
 Immoveable from sacred truth's award.
 Whose faithful lyre no giddy passion mov'd,
 Nor the light fallies of inconstant youth;
 But conjugal affection unprov'd,
 Tribute to dear regret and holy truth.
 Whose true politeness temper'd manly sense.
 Whom slander's poisonous arrows fear'd to strike,
 Scatter'd at random o'er the world alike :
 Whose chastest thought shun'd all unjust offence;
 All wantonness of cruelty ;
 All wrong to honour, virtue, decency.
 Whose eloquence not idly blaz'd ;
 Nor falsely dazzled, daringly amaz'd,
 Champion of fraud and of impiety ;
 But lighten'd history ; and nobly rose
 True to his **GOD** and **SAVIOUR** : dar'd oppose
 An age profane, and impious raillery.
 Whose life condemn'd, whose tranquil death
 Gave witness, to his latest breath,
 How impotent to his, their vain philosophy.
 Whose calm retirement, elegance and ease,
 And nature incorrupt, had form'd to please ;

To

To modest Science never bar'd the door;
 And blest in silent rapture by the poor;
 For with a lib'ral, not a lavish course,
 The gentle stream of his benevolence,
 From a less ample than well-manag'd source,
 Rejoic'd its blessings to dispense;
 Gladden the vales; the thirsty soil relieve:
 Not while the drooping shrubs neglected grieve,
 For some small drops, pour'd the wild riotous flood,
 An unassisting cruel wave,
 Black with mad haste, with ruin proud.

16.

Bounteous he was; yet avarice dar'd not blame:
 Frugal; yet folly could not call him mean:
 Virtue he fought, and reap'd uncourted fame:
 In ease not idle; and in storms serene.
 Speak, ye who know, what enemies he made.
 Was there an injury he not forgave?
 What friend e'er felt his negligence to aid?
 What stranger tearless shall behold his grave?
 His king's, his country's, and mankind's esteem;
 The wife, the virtuous, e'en the wretches' tear,
 Is this too much to follow on his bier!—
 Ye scorers, and is virtue but a dream?

17. And

17.

And call ye this to die and be forgot!
 Have ye no ears to heaven and nature's voice?
 So deeply rooted to your dreadful choice!
 Not so unjust the lot
 E'en here assign'd, in this close orb of earth.
 All honour'd Lyttelton, thy worth,
 While any live true merit to revere,
 Like a pure stream of light,
 Left here behind in thy souls-parting flight,
 Shall animate us here.
 And shine for ever friendly to mankind.
 Should every other breast e'en thee forget,
 Yet never should the Muse:
 Never could she thy mem'ry quit;
 Never to virtue's call her aid refuse:
 But still she should restore to fame
 Thy much lov'd image, and revive thy name *.

18.

Yet some divinest truth detest
 When clad in Poetry's attractive vest;
 Unlike to thee O envious men or blind!
 'Tis not enormous prodigies,
 Nor ill-contriv'd unnatural surprise,
 These are not such as Poetry will own,

* Written about Sept. 1773, on the news of his death.

Nor

Nor war on truth, and against Nature's throne:
 When most her wonders of invention please,
 Still never she forgets nor injures these.

19.

The charms which strike the nicely jealous ear,
 Which no ill-modulated notes can bear;
 Enraptur'd only with true harmony,
 Where sounds not idle with the sense agree;
 The powers which not in vain employ
 Our finest feelings of distress and joy;
 The fabled tale, which opens worlds unseen,
 At once, and scorns th' unmeasur'd space between,
 Possesses all our soul, and turns
 At will, with sweet amazement; chills and burns;
 At will, the virtuous tear excites;
 Inspires the pure delights
 Unspeakable—O Poetry!
 These flow from nature, truth, and thee.

20.

O Mincius! happy had thy poet been,
 If never he from thee had stray'd!
 And in ill hour to Rome convey'd!

20. Where

21.

Wherefore to Rome? to crouch and bend the knee;
 To kiss the hand bath'd in her dearest blood!
 O wretched slav'ry! worst idolatry!
 What, raise the murd'rous tyrant to a God?
 'Twas not enough thy native Mantua fell;
 'Twas not enough the godlike Brutus died;
 Nor could'st thou spare to him one honest line,
 His precious mem'ry to enshrine:
 And did it well beseem the poet's tongue,
 That Cicero himself was left unsung;
 The palm of eloquence resign'd?
 What, not one wreath behind?
 So many upon vice profusely thrown,
 And for his country's father left not one!

22.

Yet, midst thy noblest forms of ancient worth,
 E'er glow'd thy bosom with a purer flame,
 Or once an higher joy brought forth,
 Than when thy verse triumph'd in Cato's name?
 And with that Cato, and the Scipian race,
 The Decii, and wise Fabius, shield of Rome,
 Could'st thou for the usurper find a place,
 Who sent her liberty to guard, fix'd her eternal doom?

23. And

23.

And he who taught the Roman plains
 To echo Grecian strains ;
 Found rival harmony at home, where mute
 Till then had slept the lyre and the soft warbling flute:
 He, whose keen satire so exactly hit;
 The nicest points of elegance and wit ;
 And play'd about the heart
 With such sly pleasantry, such searching art ;
 The cool corrector, the good-natur'd friend ?
 How had my verse exulted in his praise ;
 How had the name of Horace charm'd my lays ?
 But that fine skill, those pow'rs—O how betray'd!—
 Silence may best express
 The injur'd Muse ; her anger, shame, distress—
 This know : her genuine gifts will not maintain
 Pleasures unchaste ; nor grace a tyrant's reign :
 Nor her celestial colours bear
 To cloathe impurity :
Nor ought but Truth may hope to wear
 Those robes of immortality,

24.

E'en he, with fiery sword for virtue drawn,
 Who darts an equal scorn
 On villainy, wherever found—

Let

Let him not paint too strong the odious scene;
 But draw a cautious veil at times between;
 Lest with ill objects Virtue's self he wound:

25.

O false refinements! vainly boasted wit!
 Dishonest charms! unseemly elegance!
 Sincerity and decent shame to acquit;
 Is this the name of poet to advance?—
 His views are pointed to far other end;
 His flights far higher tend!

26.

'Tis well: the festive wreath prepare;
 It shall not flourish on the tyrant's brow;
 And give a loose to ev'ry wanton air;
 But know, when ye, the priests of Virtue, bow
 To such low idols, soon expires the praise
 Of a long series of heroic days;
 And with it soon the Muses' fire decays.
 Dull and unnerv'd the languid measures creep;
 Misform'd conceits, distorted words succeed:
 No generous thoughts to trouble Folly's sleep,
 Or force the flinty heart of Pride to bleed.
 But idle sonnets, full of wanton sound,
 With levity unmeaning float around;

And

And tumid pomp distends the empty line;
 And wild gigantic falsehoods imitate,
 With aukward mockery, the truly great;
 And noise is majesty; madness, divine.

27.

Heroes, and statesmen of majestic Rome!
 Methinks I see you rise—
 Yes: I behold you through yon awful gloom,
 Rising to view: and nearer now can trace
 On each indignant brow imprinted strong,
 Anger and pity for your country's wrong;
 When the world's lords to slavish bonds comply'd,
 And of those slaves the worst were deify'd:
 When virtue's best incentives sunk disgrac'd;
 And all the use and power of verse debas'd.
 Not to such hands ye trusted your renown—

28.

But lo! the wight with age ysilver'd head
 And humble vest—he seems of ancient guise;
 And by him list'ning one of statelier tread,
 And graceful mien and virtue-beaming eyes.
 Ennius---'tis he! and Scipio by his side;
 O happy conqueror! worthy such a friend,
 Thy ev'ry change of fortune to attend;
 Thy arms to honour; and thy counsels guide.

Happy,

Happy, thrice happy ! that thy friendship found;
 And that thy converse form'd, and deeds inspir'd
 The fire of Roman verse ; and first,
 The seeds of harmony and fancy nurs'd,
 And bade the glorious rapture far resound:
 From heart to heart it ran and with new ardour fir'd:
 Then first the Muses won the warrior's ear ;
 And shar'd the spoils and triumphs of the war.

29.

E'en to the Elder Cato's stubborn soul
 The salutary influence stole :
 Nor ought beside, haply, that restless mind
 To civil wisdom's lore so much inclin'd;

30.

Wealth was for others, Ennius ! fame for thee ;
 Content, and voluntary poverty---
 Well didst thou scorn that pomp should wait thy bier,
 With loud lament, and the superfluous tear ;
 And well did thy foreseeing thought forbid
 Vain honours to be paid to thee as dead :
 Thou wast, meseems, true son of Poetry ;
 Nor couldst thou be forgot nor fear to die.

31. Know

30.

Know ye not Him, of gait magnificent,
 And grave demeanour, and mellifluous tongue;
 Him who from ears of stone cou'd audience call!
 Yet not of empires, nor of wars he sung:
 But pathless wastes with sweetest art beguil'd;
 Darkness at his approaching fill'd;
 And all enchantment on his lips still hung.

31.

Through blindest mists and errors serpent maze,
 If such a sun dart forth resistless rays;
 What if sublimest wisdom had been heard,
 And the full train of Nature's truths appear'd?
 He, who transported with such awe,
 Delusively, her fancied image saw,
 Should not divinest joy his heart have fill'd
 At Nature's author, Nature's self reveal'd;
 Then with what force, with what persuasion fraught
 Should that celestial voice have taught?—
 But mute be now his name,
 Who dar'd pervert thy first, thy noblest aim,
 O Poetry! and disobey
 Thy voice, the voice of Truth, which spoke a God,

E

And

And look'd to Heav'n as to her first abode;
 And long'd to hail us heirs of endless day.

32.

Ah whither shall I fly?
 To what new land, and more propitious sky?
 Pursue the traces of poetic fire;
 From flatt'ry far, and the unhallow'd lyre.

33.

Lo! once again, our Albion, lovely isle!
 Behold all nature round us smile!
 Heard ye that sound?—the notes of pleasure:
 Rejoice; the Muse commands, rejoice;
 Join the airy jocund measure:
 Hark to the sweetly changeful voice!
 See where the sister Graces, side by side,
 Their Addison's regards divide;
 And now with Pope they rove,
 And point to Windsor's peaceful grove,
 The towers sublime; the fertile plain,
 Where cool Thames winds his silver train;
 Now sportive thence the poet bear,
 With sylphs triumphant through the air.
 And when the Muse commands a work to raise,
 Worthy of Britain and of Marlborough's praise;

Or

Or bids the stern Achilles live again ;
 Or sad Andromache complain,
 And draw from British eyes fresh tears
 For woes of nigh three thousand years,
 E'en then to aid they join ;
 Give glory double charms ; make grief divine,
 Nor faintly shadow'd the vast scene unfold,
 Of beauteous awe, too dazzling to behold,
 Blenheim's immortal field, and Homer's mightiest line.

34

But riot loose fears to advance :
 And vulgar wit, and barb'rous dissonance :
 The Muse directs the song, and guides the heav'nly
 dance.

The queen of beauty listens to the charm ;
 Reclines her snowy neck ;
 Mild beam her sprightly eyes, and graceful bends her
 arm.

Give me, O give immortal words to speak !
 Vain man ! to what dost thou aspire ?
 That ease, that elegance of mien ;
 That modest dignity, that grace compos'd
 In ev'ry gesture, look, and motion seen,
 High task of happiest verse to be disclos'd !—
 O might I raise some image likest thee

Eliza ! to express
 What words but idly labour to declare,
 In all their studied pomp and mimic dress.

35.

The queen of beauty ! when has poet sung,
 Or what sublime, or elegant was heard,
 Till she had touch'd his heart and tun'd his tongue :
 Then full disclos'd with her appear'd
 Of ev'ry glowing word the happiest grace ;
 And just composure, and persuasion sweet ;
 And softest sounds were aptly taught to meet :
 Then mov'd each Muse in fitly vary'd pace.
 Dryden, majestic, in the train appears ;
 And fills with sweetness, strikes with fire, our ears.
 Strow'd with the rose, and ever verdant bays,
 And echoing blythe, enchanting lays,
 Smiles the festive earth around ;
 The woods far off triumphantly resound :
 Triumph, ye woods ! rejoice, earth, air, and sea !
 Music, thy triumph this ; and thine, O Poetry !
 The glory she receives doubly returns to thee.

36.

Unhappy bard ! and was this deathless boast,
 True force of genius, to please folly lost ?

O wrong

O wrong to Poetry !

Ill paid subjection to licentious years !

Sunk in oblivion, known but by disgrace,

Faded of those false flowers is every trace ;

The nobler part yet lives, nor time nor envy fears.

37.

Meek, white-rob'd, elegant simplicity,

And tenderness, with melting eye,

Lead Southerne on, and teach his words to flow ;

Not swoln with pomp, nor negligently low.

The genius of connubial love

Points me to Imoinda's shade ;

And pleas'd the virtuous sorrow to approve,

Weaves bayes and myrtle for her poet's head.

But light and ill-tim'd jests she bids forbear,

Not break intrusive on the modest ear ;

Injurious to his nobler art,

And the chaste gen'rous anguish of the heart.

These are not Poetry :

Nor ought can merit that sublimest name,

Which virgins might not hear, or angels blame.

38.

O glory ! rapture in no bounds control'd !

Too strong to bear ; too mighty to be told !

What do I see? what do I hear?
 O wonder! O excess of joy and fear!
 'Tis he! 'tis he! skill'd to unwind
 The mazes of the various mind;
 Draw iron tears down Envy's cheek;
 To heroes, lovers, fages, speak,
 Speak their own thoughts—adorn the throne;
 Or, from the rough, untutor'd clown,
 Call the best, strongest, feelings forth
 Of truth, and honesty, and faithful worth;
 Of age resolv'd with youth to share,
 The winds sharp-biting blasts, the icy air;
 Cheerful impart its little well-sav'd store,
 Bear lot with misery, and ask no more:
 Hunger, and thirst, and danger to despise,
 And midnight rapines haunts, and beating skies!
 Content, though howling winter round him spread,
 And rush in torrents on his hoary head;
 Content, though wolves prowl furious for their prey;
 And man's ingratitude, more fierce than they,
 Arm'd with fell tyrant power, pursue their way;
 Eager to pace the weary, and dark wild
 With his dear master's child.

39.

Shakespeare! what fibre in the coldest frame
 Leaps not transported at his name?

'Twas

"Twas his alone to find, and truly show
 The turns our hourly varying fancies know:
 And rise above all mimic state,
 In the true majesty of Nature great.
 All terrors that the boldest heart might quell,
 Await his beck, and every softer power
 With gentler sweet dominion to compell:
 Death and Dismay's abode! and Pleasure's fairy bower!

40.

And when he deign'd the comic strain,
 Is there a joy our souls contain,
 But danc'd attendant on his train?
 Wit! spleen! impertinence, and whim!
 Humour, in all thy native trim!
 Whence are ye? or what witching hand
 Brings, by invifible command,
 All that our admiration can create;
 Sports with our love, our scorn, our hate;
 Contrasts, connects; unites extremes
 Most various, with which nature teems,
 So wild, fo striking, and fo new,
 So near incredible, yet felt fo true;
 Makes dulnefs pleasant, fools a feaft
 Not tasteless to the wifest gueft;

E 4

Points

Points the keen shafts of raillery;
 With graceful ease and fancy free;
 In the dry humourist can better teach
 Than haughtiest schoolmen ever yet could reach;
 Give drollery resistless force;
 Learn how aerial sprites discourse;
 Trace, O amazement, the half-human soul;
 Mild courtesy, and virgin innocence,
 Honour and truth pourtray, and artless sense;
 As into every heart he stole;
 Give each his own peculiar cast,
 Each in most just distinction plac'd;
 And range, with nature for his rule,
 The world his theatre, mankind his school!—
 Thus could I ever gaze,
 Lost in a trance of sweet amaze!—
 What but his wonder-working thought,
 Pierc'd at a glance depths unapproach'd before,
 Who but himself such spoils hath brought
 An ever new, a countless store;
 Such, so diversified a train,
 The wise, the dupe, the knave, the plain,
 The fop, the wit, before our eyes;
 Light'ning thro' all the close disguise,
 Which hides our nature from our view;
 Whose are the master-strokes which drew

The

The frenzy tortur'd mind ?
 What depth of thought divin'd
 Wild jealousy, and philosophic woe ?

41.

Hail, Shakespeare, hail !
 For acts like these were only thine :
 For nature bore the torch to lighten all thy way ;
 And all the Muses fann'd the heav'n-caught flame :
 New beings he beheld ;
 New world's subdu'd, and made them teach his own.

42.

This, this, was he indeed,
 Whom Modesty, and Truth, and Goodness lov'd,
 Nor more the poet than the man approv'd ;
 Born for the happiest proof how fairly meet
 The humblest manners, and sublimest wit ;
 How liveliest fancy, soundest sense agree ;
 How shine with mutual rays, Virtue and Poetry.

43.

He taught — shame to the senseless age,
 When Britons felt but weakly Shakespeare's page,
 And his celestial morn of glory shone
 Unheeded by the many, and unknown,

While

While dulness, folly, vice possess'd the stage;
 These 'twas thy toil to chace, thy triumph these o'er-
 thrown.

44.

And lest again the dire eclipse return,
 And in thy absence ev'ry Muse should mourn;
 Lest our capricious humour should disdain
 E'en thy immortal reign,
 And all that ev'ry sense can charm,
 And ev'ry noblest passion warm,
 Transport, deject, blaze, dart thro' ev'ry vein—
 Swell the rich tide of sympathetic woe
 With pleasures, vice can never know,
 Nor beauty, wealth, nor empire can bestow;
 Lest anger, joy, distraction, love,
 Should cease, with all their pow'r conjoin'd, to move;
 And villainy grow bolder charm'd to see
 Those scorpion-stings subdu'd she felt from thee.—
 To thee, O first of human bards! was given,
 “ By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n,”
 To plant, thy tragic force, thy comic grace,
 Thy ev'ry power to please and rule mankind,
 To fix their living forms in Garrick's face;
 And in his voice, look, gesture, utterance find,
 Exert their inmost strength, and on the soul fast bind.

O Lear!

O Lear! Cordelia!—Madness! father! child!—
 Pity, just Heav'n, the poor despis'd old king!—
 I burn! I rave!—I languish! I expire!—
 Spare, spare, my sinking heart—or let me die.

45.

Far off, and trembling at the sacred sound,
 — For all that freedom, truth, and Heav'n detests,
 Shrink at the voice of thee, O heav'nly Muse!—
 See there, in tenfold night, forlorn, aghast,
 With fiery stings and furies compass'd round,
 Tyrants, and ruiners of nations, lie!—
 And know I not that murd'rous glance?—Macbeth!—
 And seem not they, those spectres indistinct,
 Richard, and he, the wretch, whose coward hand
 Sign'd the GREAT CHARTER of our LIBERTIES,
 — Those liberties his very soul abhor'd—
 Then crouch'd, and bow'd his throne, his people's
 rights,
 And England's independent dignity,
 To a proud legate—vile!—and papal power.
 Shakespeare!—the name to tyranny is death.
 O Genius of our isle! thou liv'st not now
 To weep thy country sham'd, dejected, torn;
 Thou who beheldst her Queen of Earth and Seas,
 When the new world press'd crowding to her sails,

And

And liberty and peace were all from her.
 For thee, America, my heart flows tears !
 Sons of my country, free, and Englishmen ;
 Now from your fair stock sunder'd, bleeding, wasting !
 O ! may our king, the common fire of both,
 Sheathe the fell sword ; and bid destruction cease :
 And to the vast world's verge fill all with love.
 Unhappy England !—yet—O still return
 Concord, and with thee Peace and Liberty !
 Then let our foes come on : we heed them not ;
 For Englishmen at one within themselves
 “ Are confident against the world in arms.”
 Shame never touch the land whence Shakespeare rose ;
 Nor discord sever, whom he saw as one.

46.

Who next of all the sacred choir ?
 In no mean path does Milton's Heav'n-taught soul
 Deign to reside ; unknowing of controul,
 Save that of judgment chaste which checks to raise the
 higher,
 He with wide-ranging eye, angelic flight was driv'n
 To search the vast abyss, and soar towards highest
 Heav'n—
 And gentle Spenser, through the realms of light,
 Rears high the banner of the red-cross knight ;

Shows Truth thro' Fancy's veil, in quaint choice colours
dight :

And Cowley in a fiery car upborne,
Irregularly great,
To extasy divine lets loose the reins ;
Lost in a rich extravagance of thought.

V.

1.

But ye, how may I name ?
Yet will I,—blameless be't—best guiding stars !
Lo ! peace !—that gleam was Heav'n !---
Highest of mortal race, ye, prophets old !
Circling the throne of glory infinite,
See the great scheme of providence unfold,
Dwelling on that high theme with ever new delight.

2.

There sounds the harp of Israel's pious king ;
There he enjoys the presence he ador'd,
And hymns unceasing praise before th' all seeing Lord ;

3.

The son of Amos there
With brow sublime, and deep revolving eye,
And looks that speak the present Deity

Of

—Of unexpressive majesty
 —With him who to the third of Heavens was caught,
 And him in Patmos in such visions raught—
 Sees the great shepherd now, who gently leads
 His tender flocks to happy meads;
 Sees that despis'd and once rejected man,
 All glorious, all a God;
 Sees in celestial raptures Israel rise;
 Anticipates her triumph through the skies:
 Views prospects dazzling the angelic eye,
 In the vast boundless worlds of prophecy.

4.

Look to the high-orb'd ample sun,
 Dispensing varied night and day;
 Observe the stated seasons how they run;
 Follow them thro' the starry way;
 View in the planetary spheres,
 The pow'r which call'd them forth, and bade fulfill their
 years:
 Then far beyond the human ken,
 Beyond this narrow world of men,
 Let eagle-fancy wing thy flight
 To range the universe of light;
 Then strive to gaze,
 Unlost amidst the cloudless blaze.

5. Yet

5.

Yet not to stray,
 Bath'd in the ocean of unceasing day,
 Nor trace the countless orbs on high,
 Smooth gliding on in silent harmony,
 —Suspended in the vast expanse of sky
 By unseen force and mystic laws,
 Fix'd by the one almighty cause—
 Nor myriads ruling in their central throne
 Of suns descry ;
 While their attendant worlds on each obey—
 Of sun's whose beams wing'd with the lightnings haste,
 Not in six thousand years have hither past ;—
 Not these awake the soul like prophecy.

6.

Far as the ocean's waves exceed
 The brook that lightly murmurs through the reed ;
 And as the pow'r of ev'ry human sound
 Is in the mighty voice of thunder drown'd ;
 Thus sinks all earthly poesy,
 Compar'd with thee, O sacred prophecy !—

7. And

7.

And yet is all true poesy a ray
 From that one source, whence all thy glories spring:
 And when the eternal, universal King,
 His oracles of truth deign'd to convey
 His chosen bards burn'd with poetic heat,
 And thoughts above all human measure great,
 Nor let us too much blame,
 If sage antiquity has held the name,
 Of Poet, and of Prophet as the same.

8.

Daughter of eternal truth,
 What man is he shall visit thy abode;
 And find thy holy cave, where lie
 The secrets of futurity;
 Hold converse with high heav'n, and hear the voice of
 God.

9.

Thou, Prophecy divine,
 Erst to the chosen bards of Israel's race
 Wast wont to come, and with thee bring
 Waters from the living spring,
 Of pow'r to clear the minds dim'd eye,
 And the dark film remove which hides Eternity.

Visions

Visions of glory beam'd around their head!—
 And heav'nly joy; and sacred dread—
 And the soul spake in accents not her own.

None of the fabl'd sisters taught the song,
 Which then from holy lips spontaneous flow'd;
 Nor ever dreams of the Parnassian throng,
 With such an ardour glow'd:
 Why vainly boast of the Castalian hill,
 When from the fount of life such streams arise;
 Why does our thoughts false inspiration fill,
 Yet turn we from those strains the true supplies?
 Where shall we find, O Prophecy!
 Ought of poetic else to vy with thee?

'Tis thine to weave the close mysterious chain;
 Future events contain
 In thy large grasp, which while they rise explain,
 And open by degrees a series yet behind.
 'Tis thine—when insolent oppression's head
 Assaults the clouds; when its broad arms are spread,
 Covering the nations with a gloomy shade—
 'Tis thine to see its fall; to mark the hour
 When those shall mock who shook beneath its pow'r:
 The mighty trunk is dried; and ev'ry branch lies dead!

12.

Thou giv'st to see the son of pride ;
 —Him who the name supreme defy'd,
 Th' unutterable name which fills Heav'n's host with
 awe—

Thou show'st the path he soon must dread ;
 Thou raisest from their thrones the mighty dead,
 To greet his fallen pomp, and hail his ghost
 Descending tombless and despis'd below ;
 ' For Babylon's proud king has met his overthrow :
 ' Thou too like, us art low.
 ' Where now thy minstrelsey ; who now thy guests ?
 ' Worms, worms alone !—remember'st now thy feasts ?
 ' Loathsome corruption underneath thee spread ;
 ' It mantles thee, O king, and crawls about thy head :
 ' This is thy robe of state, and this thy gorgeous bed.

13.

' Son of the morning ! how art thou cast down !—
 ' Was this to fix above the stars thy throne ?
 ' Weakner of nations, thou art fall'n indeed !
 ' A stronger hand was mighty to confound ;
 ' Yea, from thy Heav'n to cast thee to the ground.

14. There

14.

' There lie : and let the strangers passing near
 ' View who so far the bolts of vengeance hurl'd ;
 ' Behold that idol their eternal fear ;
 ' Lo there that majesty which aw'd the world.

15.

" Is this man He who shook the earth,
 " And sent his desolation forth
 " To her remotest bounds ?
 " Consum'd her cities : with the bars of fate
 " Made fast his prisons unreleasing gate ?
 " Is this the Deity whom fate refunds ?

16.

' Turn, turn from thence thine eye ;
 ' See where the shepherds of their people lie !
 ' Not thus inglorious, and with none to mourn,
 ' Like a vile raiment blood-defil'd and torn ;
 ' But each rests peaceful in his urn.
 ' All other kings enjoy due obsequies ;
 ' But this a sign of shame and horrors lies.

F 4

17. Ty-

17.

- ‘ Tyrant ! destroyer of thy land !
- ‘ The people’s scourge and death—for this the grave
- ‘ Shall never thy detested corse receive ;
- ‘ Nor fun’ral song adorn thy name,
- ‘ Nor join thy lot with those whose high command,
- ‘ Still left them mindful “ king’s were born to serve.”

18.

- ‘ Prepare, prepare ;
- ‘ Death for his sons ; destruction for his race ;
- ‘ Earth, hide them from thy face !
- ‘ Nor shall they rise ; nor stretch their sway :
- ‘ Nor cities to their rule, nor spacious realms obey.”

19.

Where the great city rear’d her golden pride,
 Shriek lonely owls, and hissing serpents glide :
 Nor shall the wand’ring Arab there,
 Nor e’en the shepherd with his flock repair,
 And with his pipe and voice make glad the air ;
 No human foot, no sound of human voice—
 Ye grizly beasts there undisturb’d rejoice,
 And make those once proud palaces your den.

Masons

The

The mighty river shall be dried—
 Lo the green pool † where is that beauteous tide,
 The rampart of their strength? why turn'd the flood

21.

Who can resist thy will, omnipotent!
 Weigh'd in whose hand the isles are dust;
 Ocean a drop; all human trust
 Lighter than air; all wisdom, all defence—
 Touch'd by thy hand the mountains smoke;
 The sea starts backward from thy look;
 The earth at thy displeasure fears;
 The lowest deep thy voice affrighted hears;
 And at thy word Heav'n is, or disappears.

22.

All the free workings of man's busy mind,
 With all the various bents to each assign'd,
 'Tis thine to use.
 And when vain reptile man secure defies
 Thy vengeance, as he only rul'd the skies,
 Thou shew'st him what a mould'ring structure builds
 The arm of flesh; how poor a refuge yields:
 E'en from the dust can'st thou produce
 Armies invincible;

And with thy secret terrors quell
 Undaunted breasts ; embattl'd legions break,
 And ev'ry arm unnerve, bow ev'ry neck :
 Trembling, aghast, they fly ; as when the breeze,
 With sudden rustling thro' the quiv'ring wood,
 Sports with your pride, ye stately trees,
 Clash the thick branches ; the gay leaves are strow'd.

23.

And thou canst make the hero's soul delight
 In toil, in danger, in dismay, and death ;
 As when emerging to the poet's fight
 Rush crowding, and with joy tumultuous rise
 —In all the extasy of wild surprize—
 A thousand bright ideas ; soon they stand
 Prompt to obey at his command,
 And move to sounds divine, which he shall breathe.
 How does his eye their kindling forms survey,
 Beauteous in fit array and vary'd arms ;
 How pleas'd behold the wide refulgence play !
 What change of transport his full bosom warms !
 And O ! when terror hears his potent call,
 And when she gives into his grasp to wield
 Her heart-dismaying shield,
 How does the vast circumference o'ershade,
 Kingdoms and hosts of might ; and see, around are spread
 Enor-

Enormous snakes ; see purple Slaughter rear
Her flaming torch, ensanguin'd hair !—
Pale Fear, deform'd Confusion, blind Despair !—

24.

Who can debar his way whom thou hast sent !—
Thy word conducts thy servant Cyrus forth ;
Calls him by name ages before the birth :
The bard divine his rise, his progress sees,
Measures his steps, and sounds his victories.
And wakes the trumpet's voice with lips of flame,
To strains which never mortal breath inspir'd :
‘ Go forth, thou strong in the Almighty's claim ;
‘ Go, by his secret arm upheld—
‘ He is thy conqu'ring sword, and thy unshaken shield—
‘ Nor vain the hopes with which thy soul is fir'd.

25.

“ Thou know'st me not, yet will I lead thy wars ;
“ Unloose the gates of brass, and burst the iron bars ;
“ For thou my purpose shalt fulfill ;
“ And thou, unknowing, execute my will,
“ Shall not the vessel form'd of clay
“ The hand which fashions it obey ?
“ And who is He who form'd the earth ;
“ And spread the heav'ns ; and all their host call'd forth
“ I, even I alone—shall man, shall He,
“ The earth my breath inspir'd, contend with me ?

F 4

26. “ Cy-

26.

" Cyrus, be thine to lay my temple's base;
 " Restore my city; guard my chosen race,—
 " Thus shall He say—' Raise ye the sacred dome,
 " The temple raise; turn captive Israel home;'—
 " For this the loins of king's I loose
 " With trembling; and for this my fear subdues
 " Nations before him: I direct his force:
 " The deeps are dried, and driv'n from their course,

27.

Fall'n Babylon, art thou; fall'n is thy king!—
 Vengeance almighty with the whirlwind's wing
 Hath swept away thy pride;
 He who the Name supreme defy'd,
 Boasting to set above the stars his throne,
 Lies dreadfully cast down;
 Loathsome corruption underneath him spread:
 Worms on this fancy'd God securely feed.

28.

Not so the just: nor Him thy prey,
 Corruption, shalt thou hold;
 Nor the dark gates of hell enfold;
 To Heav'n he re-ascends, and victory wings his way.
 The just, of everlasting days foretold;
 Hear him ye, deaf! ye blind, behold!

His

His steps, with grateful speeds, ye lame, o'ertake—
Hark, the dumb praise him ; see the dead awake !

29.

See, how the desert wilds rejoice !
Hark with what gladsome voice
Break forth the rocks : and for the barren weed,
And for the rugg'd unfightly thorn,
See the gay myrtle, stately f, succeed,
And a new Eden the barren wastes adorn.
From the parch'd stone, despairing thirst to cheer,
What copious streams burst startling on the ear ?
Hark what glad tidings ! lift thine eyes to Heav'n—
“ To us a child is born ; to us a son is giv'n,
“ The Prince of Peace.”
Be still ye wars, let discords cease ;
The weapons of destruction cease to wield :
Wars are no more ; the glitt'ring steel
No more expiring thousands feel ;
It turns to better use, and cultivates the field.
And brighter still, and brighter days draw nigh,
A happier mansion, and a purer sky ;
Nor shall the moon extend her feeble ray,
Nor the sun boast to pour the flood of day,
On thee O Israel—God himself shall shine,
Internal : and his cloudless day be thine.

The

31.
The word of Prophecy
Shall stand, tho' Heav'n and earth decay;
Impiety and folly tend
To work the unseen hated end;
And desolation buries low
Glory's immortal seeds, to make them fairer grow.
Nor hell shall violate the plan;
But all thy several rays unite
O Prophecy ! in this one point their light,
Messiah's reign, and thy redemption, man.

32.
Awake, awake, ye slumb'ers in the grave !
Awake ! your God draws nigh to save. —
Tremble, O earth; and thou, O Heav'n, give ear !
He comes to judge : let all creation fear.
Of ev'ry age, of ev'ry land and race,
Myriads before his awful face
Trembling await their doom :
The day of his avenging wrath is come ;
The kingdom of his saints prepar'd,
Eternity of glory their reward.
Then shall new Heav'n, new earth, confess his reign ;
Then Poetry assumes her loftiest strain ;
And universal harmony
Proclaims o'er Death and Sin the final victory.

NOTES.

Poetic Spirit, P. 1. st. 3. v. 1.

PLATO supposed the power of invention nearly allied to that of creation, and thence deduced the meaning of the word Poet. In conformity to this idea the same divine energy, the cause of creation, is supposed to excite Poetry. Many of the following lines have an allusion to the same system, which I thought of such dignity and antiquity, and so connected in parts with the notions we have from revelation, that I could not omit it, though perhaps I had been more prudent if I had, after that excellent poem of Mr. Dryden, his Ode to Harmony, and the very fine one of Dr. Jortin.

P. 6. I have been advised by a friend to say *shall*, instead of *might*; and if all would use the same efforts with him, I should say it boldly; however the prophecy is in its nature conditional, if we do our parts.

Tyrtæus, p. 15. v. 2. is said to have gained a victory for the Lacedæmonians, when in danger of being overpowered by the Messenians, by the force and spirit of poetry. And I think I have met in Pausanias, or somewhere, with this circumstance; that he was sent from Athens on this occasion to the aid of Lacedæmon, rather

ther in contempt than succour. He flourished I think in the 35th Olympiad, about 638 years before our Saviour. All I have said of military courage, must be understood of the just and necessary defence of one's country, or of oppressed nations, who call for it. In either of which lights one can scarce say too much, nor otherwise too little.

P. 17. v. 23. Alcæus, a Lyric poet of the first rank, of whom the following is preserved as a fragment, describing a shipwreck.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἔθεν Κύμα κυλινδεται
Τὸ δ' ἔβρι, ἄμμεσδ' αἰ τὸ μέσον
Ναὶ φορημένα σὺν μελαίνα

Χερσὶν μοχθεύεις μεγάλα· καὶ κ
Πὰρ μὲν γὰρ ἄβλος ἱσπεῖδόν εἰσι
Λαῖφος δὲ πᾶν ἄδελον ἦδη.
Καὶ λανίδες μεγάλαι καὶ αὐτὸ
Χερσὶν δ' ἀγκύραι.

I thought *καὶ* necessary to be read instead of *καὶ*. He has the honour given him of a concise and magnificent diction, and extremely resembling Homer. Indeed every thing in any way very excellent might be said to resemble this divine genius. He flourished about the 42d Olympiad: I think about 610 years before our Saviour, and was remarkable for his defence of the liberties of his country.

P. 32. v. 39. In this place I hope Sir John Davies' admirable poem, and the excellent one of Mr. Roberts, to which latter I am glad of an opportunity, however inadequate, of showing my respect will be recollected and applied. I might mention Mrs. Rowe, Miss Carter, Mrs. Leapor, that truly original genius, and Dr. Watts; but these and other excellent writers are not enumerated for want of room and opportunity. I think I have heard lately that

that Mrs. Chapone has added her name to poetry, which from the proof she has given of her talents, and the application of them in her Letters, is perhaps a more honourable testimony to the cause than any thing I can say.

P. 22. v. 13. An allusion will probably not escape the reader to Dr. Beattie's beautiful poem of the Minstrel.

P. 13. v. 5. An imitation of a Fragment of Simonides, only with the conclusion which I presume he would have drawn, had he been a Christian.

With respect to Southerne, the censurable parts have been very properly left out in his *Faral Marriage*, and I hope the same justice has been, or will be done, in his *Oroonoko*.

P H I L E M O N.

Ἄνθρωπος δίκαιος ἔστιν, ὃς οὐ μὴ ἀδικῶν,

Ἀλλ' ὅστις ἀδικεῖν δυνάμενος μὴ βέλτεται.

Οὐδ' ὅς τὰ μικρὰ λαμβάνειν ἀπισχέει.

Ἀλλ' ὅς τὰ μεγάλα καρτερῶ μὴ λαμβάνειν.

Ἐχει δυνάμενος, καὶ κρατεῖται ἀνδρείως.

Οὐδ' ὅς γε πάντα παρὰ δαίμονι μένει.

Ἀλλ' ὅστις ἀδόλος γηθήσει τ' ἔκκει φύσει,

Εἶναι δίκαιος, καὶ ὁ δόκει εἶναι, δίδωκε.

Just is the man, not who has done no wrong ;

But who would not do wrong altho' he might.

Nor he who can abstain from paltry bribes ;

But who is firm the highest to reject,

When he might have them ; and retain, unblam'd.

Nor even he who strictly keeps all this ;

But who of undeceiving, generous nature,

Not to appear just, wishes, but to be.

Vide *Philemonis* ex *Stob. exc. apud Puffendorfium*
de *Jure Nat. & Gent.* lib. i. cap. 7. sec. 6.

These

These sentiments are surely wonderful in an heathen ; the last verse seems to have an allusion to a passage in Æschylus.

Σημα δ' οὐκ ἐπὶ Κυνῶν
Οὐ γὰρ δοκεῖν ἀρετὴς ἀλλ' εἶναι θύλην.

His shield was plain, adorn'd with no device ;
He fought not to seem virtuous, but to be.

If one were to define justice as the virtue of Christians, upon the plan of Philemon, one should extend the idea farther, and perhaps something in this manner.

The man is just, not who has done no wrong,
But who would not do wrong altho' he might ;
Nor only this, but whose diffusive spirit
Nor covers nor permits another's wrong,
For his own gain or safety, willingly.
Not he who can abstain from paltry bribes ;
But who is firm the highest to reject,
When he might have them, and retain, unblam'd.
Nor only he who wishes no man harm ;
But who repays the debt of boundless goodness,
In some degree ; — though of its own indeed —
By wishing, and by doing, good to all,
Though at the risque of fortune, life, or fame,
E'en to the utmost measure of his power ;
Friends, country, kindred, strangers, enemies.
Nor only he who strictly keeps all this :
But who of undeceiving, gen'rous nature,
Looks only to good men, angels, and God,
Nor measures fame by any rules but these :
Not to appear just, wishing but to be.

Μαυραργυρὰς θνήσκο ποδῶν. Odyss. 8.

The twinkling splendours as their sandals play. Pope.

Ennius

Ennius, the particular friend of Cato the Censor, and of the great Scipio Africanus, the elder, celebrated for his poverty, poetical spirit, and integrity. Cicero de Senectute, speaking in the person of Cato, says of him, amongst the instances of honourable, contented, useful, and happy old age, "ita ferebat duo quæ maxima putantur onera, paupertatem & senectutem, ut iis pane delectari videretur;" and again, alluding to his well known epitaph—"non censet lugendam esse mortem quam immortalitas consequatur," he speaks of him very honourably in his oration Pro Murena; and again Pro Archia Poeta; for there Cicero having enlarged upon the excellence of poetical studies, and the honours paid them, says, "Carus fuit Africano superiori noster Ennius; itaque etiam ex sepulchro Scipionum putatur is esse constitutus e marmore." Ovid, and I believe Val. Maximus, more expressly assert this circumstance, of his statue having been placed among the family monuments of the Scipios. Even in the extremity of popular faction, disgrace, and outrage against Africanus, he was constant in his attachment to the virtues to this his illustrious friend. He accompanied Fulvius Flaccus Nobilior into Ætolia, in the year 564, and wrote a poem on that war. He also wrote many other pieces respecting the Roman history, and other excellent works, some very valuable fragments of which are preserved: and from the old obsolete diction of Ennius, which however is not without its charms,—from this dross, as it were, Virgil used to say he collected gold; and accordingly has used many of his words, and sometimes I think whole verses. In those celebrated lines

Quo fessum rapitis Fabii—tu Maximus ille es
Unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem,

The

The last is borrowed from Ennius, who had said before of the same person,

Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem;
Ergo postque magisque viri num gloria claret.

He who alone restor'd us by delay,
Careless of rumours for the public safety,
Therefore his name outlives, and grows in glory.

The same F. Flaccus Nobilior, when he returned from the *Ætolian* war, dedicated the spoils to erecting a temple of the Muses: as indebted to them through Ennius, both for his victory, and that immortality of fame which was to follow it. Ennius was born in the year of Rome 513, and died in the year 383, about 167 years before our Saviour, and consequently 1942 years from the present time.

Erinna. I have supposed in the verses, that the subject of that fine ode to which I allude, was Fortitude. I rather incline however, as I think some eminent critics have done, to believe it is Rome. The ambiguity arises from the word *Ραρον*.

In the Fragment of *Alexis*, instead of either *αααα* or *αααα*, I would rather read *χααα*, *solve permittit ventis*. If I had authority, and if I had not some doubt whether the first syllable of *χααα* was not long by nature.

When I spoke of the happiness and glory of this country in the time of Shakespeare, it was in a great measure upon a relative consideration to the times which preceded. Civil wars ended; protestantism established; the preservation of Holland; the assistance of the French protestants; the refuge from persecution; the great encouragement of learning in almost every kind, of which
the

the most signal luminaries adorned the reign of Elizabeth ; the ground-work laid of colonization and commerce ; the sovereignty of the British fleet ; the independence and universal superiority of the British empire ; these opposed to extreme tyranny, the wildest anarchy, a series of domestic wars, desolation, ignorance, superstition, and fury—much covered those excesses of prerogative, which in a more settled government would not, nor ought to have been allowed. I can only wish that we may use our improved knowledge and means of happiness, by obedience to the laws, and a settled patriotism ; and that we may be equally remote from sedition and servility ; and that we may concur to think our highest rank and happiness in the state to consist in being good citizens, and useful to our country. To conclude, in the words which have been often quoted of the Roman—*duo modo hæc opto : unum ut moriens populum Romanum liberum relinquam ;—alterum ut unicuique ita eveniat ut de republica quisque mereatur.*—If poetry be shown particularly instrumental to religion, patriotism, friendship, public and private virtues, it has enough.

—his fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet ; & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

F I N I S.

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's annual message to Congress. The letter is written in a formal, official style, and it discusses the state of the Union, the progress of the government, and the President's plans for the future. It is a very long letter, and it covers a wide range of topics, including the economy, the military, and the foreign relations of the United States. The letter is a very important document, as it contains the President's annual message to Congress. It is a very long letter, and it covers a wide range of topics, including the economy, the military, and the foreign relations of the United States.

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